

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MARCH MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic has a second chapter of "Reminiscences of Washington," relating several characteristic anecdotes of men and things during the administration of John Quincy Adams, 1825-1829. The secret of the unpopularity of that most unpopular of the American Presidents is tersely explained by the writer: "He was honest, in the common acceptance [sic] of the word, yet his sense of political morality was so warped that he was dogged and daring without the advantages deriving from honesty. The Federalists hated him, because he had deserted their ranks, in which he naturally belonged; while the Democrats (or Republicans, as they styled themselves) distrusted him because he knew that at heart he was their enemy." A curious incident is preserved in the article, placing the political humor of the day in a strong light. "General Jackson, who had in previous years accepted courtesies from Mr. Adams, did not call upon him, in accordance with usage, on his arrival at Washington. Mr. Adams, stung by this neglect, determined not to play the part of the conquered leader at the inauguration, and quietly removed to the house of a friend in the suburbs on the morning of the 3d of March. When General Jackson was being inaugurated, amid the shouts of the assembled thousands, Mr. Adams was taking his usual constitutional horseback exercise. The artillery salute, fired when his successor had taken the oath of office, must have reached his ears, and notified him that he was again a private citizen." "Some Intimations of Early Childhood," by Mrs. Edward Ashley Walker, memorandum-stacks the history of Wordsworth that the first expression of "pink-colored glories in yellow flame" is a reminiscence of the glories of an angelic home recently left, which fades away as life proceeds, supporting her charge by numerous whimsical examples of high-English instinct, such as mixed up with droll conceits, but, indeed, are only the natural fruits of the teachings and examples that are favorite means of grace in most nurseries. A similar collection of odd instances of the comic pieties of childhood was made by that indefatigable innocent, the late Lewis Grier Clark, and published in the old *Esquierre Magazine*, but they were perhaps more laudable than lamented. Mr. Grant White's paper on "English in England" is both instructive and amusing, showing that the worst English as well as the best is spoken in England. The best, however, is no better than the writer has heard in New-England, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania, though not so often, in proportion to their numbers, among his American than among his British acquaintances. Mr. Dudley Warne contributed a critical paper on "Washington Irving," which is as remarkable for its fineness of perception and justness of appreciation, as for the quiet beauty of its style. The character of Irving as a man and an author was more admirably portrayed than in the graceful paragraph which closes the article: "Irving's literature walks round it and measure it by whatever instruments you will, it is a beautiful literature. The author loved good women and little children, and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of elevating society, and did not care to envelop them in a optical vision; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of interest and charm, of humor without any sting, of movement without any stain; and their moral qualities are marked by neither pedantry nor pretension." The poetry in this number is of unusual interest, including contributions from T. B. Aldrich, Mrs. Celia Thaxter, Mrs. J. C. Moulton, and others.

The illustrations in this number of *Harper's*, as often the case, are so attractive as to entice the attention from the interest of the reading-matter. But the table of contents presents a rich variety of subjects which will be found no less satisfactory than the treatment that they are tempting in their titles. Mr. J. S. Jarves' paper on "The New School of Italian Painting and Sculpture" presents an intelligent estimate of several Italian artists, who have become famous within a few years, and of whom some are already known and admired by American tourists and purchasers, including Morelli, Chierici, Vincenzo, Conti, Gelli, among the painters, and the sculptors, Gori, Galassi, Carnesio, and Albano. Conti, who is still but a young man, as well as Gelli, is described as possessing great refinement and a high artistic culture. His best pictures are marbles of exquisite coloring, and of skill of composition and drawing. So perfect is his painting of all the details of a picture that his work suggests in technique what Gorgone must have been when fresh from the pencil. If his creative faculty were equal to his execution, he would be the first painter of the day, certainly, beyond no other. Gelli's intellectual range, subtle humor, and general refinement of style seem likely to place him at the head of his school of genre, and possibly to make him the chief of the picturesque historian, which is almost the highest manifestation of painting of the present time. Albano is a new prolific master in sculpture, who seems to combine much of the spirit of the old schools with the feelings and ambitions of the new. Although born in a more mountain hamlet, where there was no art to inspire him, he has now one of the largest and most attractive studios in Florence, and has won for himself a wide reputation as an artist of singular versatility at invention, a remarkable capacity of execution, and a wonderful ability for continuous rapid work. In two sittings only he models a spirited characteristic bust, presenting the soul traits of the sitter with seven accuracy. His muscles are almost Herculean in structure, so as to make the most difficult labor but mere play. Instead of the ordinary tools he often uses his broad thumb in shaping the clay, literally feeling his way by rapid touches which respond magnetically to the model before him, or to the idea in his brain, with a rare energy and a facile delicacy of manipulation. It is a peculiar advantage, Mr. Jarvis suggests, to native art in America that works like those of Albano, Conti, and Gelli should come to this country to raise its standards of sculpture and painting, and hasten the time when the New World can repay the Old World her debt in Art by sending to her performances as superior even to those of her mechanical inventions are to the antiquated tools of Europe. "Among the Arthropods," by Lieutenant H. R. Lony, presents a variety of boldly drawn illustrations of the smaller insects, and is almost a masterpiece in its detail. The author, in his own words, "is a naturalist in his heart, and the world around him is a book to him." The author, in his own words, "is a naturalist in his heart, and the world around him is a book to him."

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing matter in the miscellany at the end of the number.

ROSA BONHEUR AT THOMERY.

THE HOME OF A WOMAN ARTIST.
From the London World.

Thomery is a country retreat, and the retreat of one who has tried the first of cities, and found it wanting. Through born in a studio, Rosa Bonheur is almost a recluse in her own year. She left it voluntarily in the maturity of her fame for this pleasant rural exile in Fontainebleau, where she gets winds which blow above the hills—where, and the world outside. Her art, the world of daily life excited scenes; I walk therein as in the realms of dreams. Following the thought that leads me on intent, And then, as if the world had closed, Had heard at last the murmur of the sea.

The contents of the number also comprise a new installment of "Louisiana," by Mrs. Burnett, and of "The Grandissime," by G. W. Cable, a paper entitled "Two Views of Napoleon," severely criticizing the memoirs of Prince Metternich and Madame de Remusat, as authentic reminiscences of the Emperor, "The Wards of the United States Government," by H. H., and a variety of more or less interesting and amusing